

POPULAR TALES.

From the Portland Transcript.

THE SCOUT.

BY CHARLES P. LEELEY.

Oh! history has many a darkened tale,
Of savage deed—and, woman's pitiless wile—
Of cabin wrapped in flames, while savage yell
Are the first sign the kindling fire tells!
Oft perished thus, the stern and hardy band
That cleared the forest of our smiling land.
PEPSICO.

CHAPTER I.

Nearly a century has rolled away since the events we are about to record transpired. A century! Brief period in the annals of History—passed over, perhaps, with a single dash of the pen—and yet in that time what wonderful revolutions have taken place—revolutions in men, manners and outward conditions of life! One hundred years ago the red man bounded in pursuit of the deer, or crept stealthily on the war-path, where now the husbandman turns up the teeming soil, and reaps the golden harvest, or the merchant threads the thronged and busy mart. One hundred years ago the tall forest waved in glory or in gloom over regions where now are smiling farms, thriving villages, and crowded cities.—One hundred years ago—but perhaps the contrast will be made more striking to the reader by the relation of our humble story, the incidents of which took place in that remote period of our country's history.

A little over a century ago there was but a solitary log hut on what was then styled the "Causeway," but which in modern years has borne the more homely name of "Horse Tavern"—the location of which is a mile or two from our city on the Stroudwater road. A particular description of the spot will not be necessary to the development of our story; and to the great mass of our readers such a description would doubtless be superfluous, as they are sufficiently acquainted with the localities of the place. It may not be amiss to say, that its present name was derived from its being the general watering place for travellers from the neighboring towns and villages in that direction.

At that time the "Causeway" was covered with a dense growth of woods, which formed a portion of the primeval forest that once extended over our whole city; although the sturdy arms on Falmouth Neck, as Portland was then called, had laid many a leafy monarch low. A man by the name of Wier, or, according to our present orthography, Wyer, had selected this out-of-the-way spot, as it was deemed, for his residence. He had made a small opening, just sufficient to allow room for the erection of his rude hut and to afford a limited space for a garden. Why he chose this place, so remote from the settlement, when men clustered together for mutual safety and protection, it would be difficult to say.

Some of the good people of Falmouth, who, like many of their descendants, were fond of indulging in groundless surmises, ascribed it to a sinister motive—shaking their heads very gravely and suspiciously as they spoke of Joe Wier's temerity in thus exposing himself to the attacks of the prowling red man. A number of well-disposed persons cautioned him of the danger which surrounded him, and advised him to move into the settlement.

But Wier was a strong, bold hearted fellow—and a very honest one to boot, for all that we can learn. He had peculiar notions of his own. He did not like a crowd—he wanted plenty of elbow-room. A creature of the woods, he feared nothing in human shape. Paying but little attention to the cultivation of the soil, he delighted in following the chase; for which purpose he would absent himself for weeks at a time—roving amid the green forest, and conforming in his mode of life more to that of the savage than his civilized brethren. Joe was not always a follower of the deer and the bear, for in the frequent disturbances of the whites by the red man, he was employed as a scout to the expeditions sent out to punish and drive off the wily foe. Well versed in the cunning so characteristic of the Indian, and capable of enduring equal exposure and fatigue, the savage found in him an inveterate enemy. His prowess was so well known, his name had become a terror to them.

"The varmints know me too well to molest me so long as I have this trusty friend by my side," said he, slapping the brim of his rusty rifle, which had sent death to the heart of many a wild denizen of the woods.

This was no vain boast, for he was famous far and wide for the accuracy of his shot. Nothing could escape his practised eye. The bird on the wing and the fleet deer alike fell beneath his sure aim. His skill was so great, and his boldness for sport so well known, that in time he was only known as the Hunter—or Hunting Joe—a sobriquet with which he was evidently not a little pleased.

Hunting Joe, or the Scout, as we shall hereafter for brevity's sake style him—for by either name he was equally well known—had not long been established in his new abode when the Fifth French war broke out, in the year '43—the long and most desolate of those ruthless wars.

Time and again the savage hordes swept through the infant settlements with blood and flame, sparing neither age nor sex. The tender infant and the gray-haired sire alike shared the same terrible fate. What the tomahawk and the scalping knife left undone the brand consummated. No one was safe for a moment. In the fields—in the house of God, and by their bed-sides, the gun was always at hand, ready at a moment's warning.

Men who lived apart forsook their dwellings and congregated in block houses for mutual defence and security; and when they ventured abroad they stole out warily—dreading each thicket as an ambush, and fearful that each tree concealed a foe.

CHAPTER II.

In the summer of '46 now was brought to Falmouth that a band of savages had suddenly appeared at New Marblehead, as the town of Windham was then called—a pleasant village about eight or ten miles from Portland. The report stated that they had attacked the dwelling of Mr. Hanson and butchered all the family save one female. The survivor they had taken into captivity. Early in the morning the distressing intelligence reached Falmouth, and the Scout,

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who happened to be there, was the first one to hear it. About one hour afterwards he might have been seen leaving Causeway and plunging into the woods, with his long rifle at a trail, proceeding with hasty strides towards the scene of murder. There was an unusual fire burning in his eye—a dark red spot glowed on each cheek, and his whole countenance bore the expression of a chafed and angry spirit.

He was evidently on no common errand, for he strode through the thick forest—right on through thicket and brake—crushing the dead limbs beneath his heavy tread, and dashing aside the dense bushes that beset his way, with a recklessness and haste which betrayed the agitated state of his mind.—The startled deer broke from its covert immediately within his range, but he heeded it not;—the shaggy beast muttered an angry growl as he roused it from its lair, but it served not to attract his attention; the stealthy catamount raised its terrific, half-human cry, but his ear heard not the warning. He still pressed on—thoughtless of danger, heedless of the opportunities offered for the exercise of his boasted skill, and regardless of fatigue. With his head slightly bent and his body leaning forward, to have seen him one would have thought that he was wandering at random through the mazy woods. There was no defined path for him to follow—a wild, trackless region of towering trees and heavy underbrush spread out on either hand, presenting at every step the same unbroken, unvarying scene: yet the Scout hesitated not a moment on his way.—Now and then, perhaps, he would raise his head, and after throwing a hasty glance around him—gazing for an instant through the opening branches on the sky, he would resume his former position, continuing his route in the same rapid manner.

Mile after mile was traversed in this way until at length, in an incredibly brief period, he had reached what was then known as Mallison's, but now enjoying the unpoetical cognomen of "Horse Beef Falls," in Windham. The dwelling of the murdered family was in this neighborhood, to which his steps were immediately directed. The house was deserted. He entered the battered door, and following a crimson stain that ran along the floor of the front room, he proceeded to the fatal bed room. The stillness of death brooded over the place as he stood there alone gazing on the crimsoned floor, still wet with the blood of the victims. A vengeful fire gleamed in his eyes as he glanced rested on the dabbled walls and hearth-stone. For a while he remained silent—his breast heaving with emotion, overmastering his utterance. At length he found words.

"Accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth—"a life for each drop will be too poor a revenge!" and he clutched his rifle with a convulsive grasp, while an expression almost demoniacal shot wildly over his face.

For the reader to understand the cause of the emotion exhibited by the Scout, we need only say, that the murdered mother of the family was his only sister, and the young female carried into captivity was his sole remaining child, who had been on a visit to her aunt during the summer—her own mother being dead. Good reason had he for his emotion, with the blood of his kindred all about him—clinging in clots to his very feet as it crying for vengeance, and a knowledge of his idolized child's captivity—perhaps more cruel suffering and death, racking his mind.

No long did the unhappy man remain in the chamber of death. With a moan rather than a sigh he left the room, and tightening the belt around his body he prepared on the instant to strike the trail of the foe. Just at that moment a footstep was heard, as of one cautiously approaching the house. The Scout raised his rifle in readiness for use. The dry branches crackled beneath the tread of the intruder, but still he entered not the door. Half-hoping that it might be a prowling savage, the Scout loosened his long hunting knife, and then crept softly to the window, disposing himself so as to catch sight of the one outside without exposing his own person.

For a time nothing met his sight. Presently from behind a clump of bushes there emerged—not the expected red man, but a youth of some twenty-three or four years of age. The young man was armed with a rifle and fully equipped as for a long tramp. He was moving carefully around as if in search of some object—first examining the bushes on either hand, and then bending down and intently gazing upon the grass.—At length, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he was about plunging into the woods, when the Scout addressed him.

"My young friend—Mabell—where now? This way a moment."

The young man started, and with a look of surprise turned and hastened toward the house, at the door of which he met the Scout. A silent grasp of the hand ensued. There was no occasion for words to explain each other's object.

"I have discovered their trail, sir," said the new-comer with a flushed though sad countenance. "We have no time to lose, come!"

"But you were not going alone!" said the Scout as he stepped in front of the dwelling, glancing gratefully at the young man as he spoke.

"Alone and to the end of the world, sir—for rescue and revenge! The rest are wanted at home for defence, and they tried to persuade me to remain, but my mind was fixed."

"One word more, young man," said the Scout in a faltering voice—"are all gone—all?"

"Not one saved, sir, but Mabell—every soul of them shockingly butchered! They will be buried from the block house this afternoon."

The Scout hastily dashed a tear from his eye, then grasping his piece he said—"Let us forward—follow me!"

And the two started, like hounds on the scent,

in pursuit of the foe, the Scout leading the way, his more practised eye at once striking the trail.

CHAPTER III.

swaying the branches aside and letting in the rays of the rising moon on the silent and apparently deserted spot.

CHAPTER IV.

For some time not a word was said as they made their way through the tangled forest—each seemed to be communing with his own thoughts. The younger, a manly, athletic youth, with a fine fresh countenance, and a determined expression to his features, followed close in the footsteps of his companion, whose tall, sinewy form gave evidence of great physical strength. Although he had long passed the meridian of life, yet age had not dimmed his vigor. His face was brown with exposure and well seamed with years, still his rough features wore a kindly expression, although an occasional sternness would steal over them, and an angry, fierce glance gleam from his eye, as a passing thought of the object he had in view flitted through his brain. The long silence was at last interrupted by the Scout's addressing his companion, without checking his pace, however:

"And so you were going in pursuit alone, my young friend? I honor your courage, boy, but it would have been rash. Unacquainted as you are with the cunning habits of these wood-fiends, how could you expect to cope with them single-handed?"

"I could die, sir," said the young man in a determined tone.

"And add one more to the number scored in blood!" rejoined the Scout. "No, no, young man, life is too precious to be recklessly thrown away. Stout hearts and strong arms are too scarce in the settlements, and we shall need all we can muster before this bloody war is over."

"But you were going alone, were you not?"

"Ay, but my life is not so precious as yours, If Mabel is lost, I should have none to mourn me. Then again I know the nature of these devils, and my chance would be better. I am glad of your company, however, and from my heart I thank you for the interest you take in me and mine. I have heard there was a liking 'twixt you and the gall, and I am rejoiced to know that you are worthy of her. With the blessing of heaven we may circumvent them that have her yet, and so be she is alive and we all get back to the settlements again, she is yours, youngster. But if they have murdered her—"

"You do not fear that event?" said the young man hastily, the glow on his cheeks giving place to the pallor of alarm.

"I don't know, James," replied the Scout, shaking his head doubtfully,—"I am loath to think on it—but when their blood is up there's no knowing to what lengths they will go. If they suspected now that any one was on their trail, and she should hinder their flight, her scalp would dangle at their belts in a moment."

The thought of the possibility of such an event produced a protracted silence as they strode on their way brooding over the situation of the captive.

Hour after hour passed away and still they slackened not their speed. But a few words passed between them; for besides the necessity of restraining every possible noise through fear of a surprise, they were each too much occupied with their own thoughts to continue a conversation. Many a mile had been passed over, when at last the Scout hesitated in his rapid gait, and shortly came to a dead halt.

The sun was getting low, and the forest was so dense the fading light scarcely penetrated the thick foliage of the overhanging branches. So shrouded in gloom indeed had their way become, that it required the closest scrutiny of the quick-sighted Scout to detect the trail, which at first was broad and distinct, as if the savages had roved carelessly along, thinking pursuit out of question; but for some distance it appeared that they had grown more careful, for it was evident that pains had been taken, if not to conceal, at least to shorten their route as little marked as possible.

"It's getting too dark to travel farther to-night," said the Scout in a low tone, as he leaned his rifle against the trunk of a fallen pine and wiped the drops from his brow. "Something has occurred to make them more careful, for I have observed to make them more careful, for I have observed the last hour or two the trail has been growing more faint as we proceeded. You see by the prints on the leaves all around us that they made a halt here; probably for consultation. And here you see by the bent twigs that they have struck off in this direction. If they were alarmed they had got over it from the broad trail they made again, or this may be some trick of the deceitful beasts. As there should be a spring near, from the trickling of yonder water," continued the Scout, "we had better make a stop here for the night"—and he proceeded to dismount his horse, and to examine more carefully to ascertain the route of those they were pursuing.

At times the trail would be lost altogether, but the quick eye of the old man, which seemed to take in every object, however minute, at a glance, would soon discover it again. Great precaution was observed as they proceeded, for they knew not how far distant they might be from the foe. At times the young man was directed to ascend some tall tree, which commanded a view of the surrounding country, in order to detect any sign of the fugitives—at other times the Scout would come to a stand and place his ear to the ground for the same purpose.

But except the trail, they had as yet discovered nothing.

CHAPTER V.

It was now getting towards noon, and the two in pursuit were moving steadily though briskly forward, for of late the trail had grown at every step more and more fresh, giving assurance that the party they were seeking could not be a great distance in advance of them, when the Scout made a sudden halt.

"Hist!" said he in a low whisper, to his companion, pointing at the same time to a clump of thick bushes that crowned a slight ascent a short distance in front of them. "I don't like the looks of things yonder. See to your arms, my lad, we may have a use for them presently."

The young man hastily reprimed his piece and held it ready for immediate action.

"Wait here," continued the Scout, "while I take a peep about us. There may be mischief in the neighborhood." So saying he plunged into the underbrush at his right and disappeared.

For some time the young man stood his ground,

waiting in anxious expectation, with his eyes fixed a lulling murmur among the leaves, occasionally steadfastly on the thicker. He could see nothing to cause the alarm exhibited by the Scout. Everything at first appeared as usual, and he began to wonder at the movements of his companion. Presently, however, he discovered a slight movement among the branches in the center of the clump, which under ordinary circumstances would not have attracted his notice. In a short time the bushes became more agitated, accompanied by a snapping of the dry twigs. A moment more and the young man was startled by the sight of a large catamount which emerged from the covert along the trunk of a mossy tree, which had fallen into it, and stood crouched on the projecting butt immediately before him, lashing his tail and eying him with an angry, flashing glance, in the very attitude of pouncing upon him.

As quick as thought the young man brought his rifle to his shoulder, and was just on the point of drawing the trigger, when a warning from the Scout restrained him.

"Don't fire youngster, don't fire. Get a tree between you if possible and leave him to me."

The sound of the Scout's voice seemed to divert the attention of the animal, for he turned his head in the direction whence it came, gnashing his fangs and impatiently clawing the decayed trunk with his cat-like paws. The young man seized the opportunity and made a movement with the intention of securing the cover of a large tree a few feet from him. He had scarcely taken the first step, when with the quickness of lightning the formidable beast turned and gathered himself for a spring, uttering at the same time the peculiar cry which always precedes, or rather accompanies the fatal leap. The young man gave himself up for lost; but at that instant the sharp report of a rifle rang through the woods, and the panther, bounding high in the air, fell struggling within a few feet of where he stood spell-bound with fear.

"There's an end to that varmint!" exclaimed the Scout bursting from a thick copse near by.

"But take care of yourself, my lad," he shouted, "for the critter is terrible in his agonies, and hardly safe when life is gone."

"I have made worse shots in my life than that," continued he, as he pointed to a dark spot in the forehead of the writhing animal, whence the warm blood was fast oozing. "He's a wicked thing when his rage is up, and bad as a red skin every inch of him. But we have no time to waste over him. I was loath to fire, for the report may reach the ears of those who need but the falling of a leaf to rouse their suspicions." So saying the Scout carefully reloaded his piece and hastened again on the pursuit.

Casting a glance on the expiring panther, whose dying eyes still gleamed ferociously on him as he passed, young Mayberry followed his companion, grateful for his late escape, yet fearful that the report of the gun might betray their approach to the savages and thus jeopardise the life of the captive, or at any rate put them on their guard and so prevent a surprise.

CHAPTER VI.

The same anxiety on account of the report of the gun that troubled the young man's mind seemed also to burden the thoughts of the Scout, for after travelling along some time in silence, he remarked in a low tone.

"These woods are master places for carrying sound! I've heard 'fore now, when I've been out hunting, a report go echoing through the forest, just as though encl tree had a tongue of its own, and so caught up and repeated the sound to its neighbor, until it went clean through the whole tract. But I hope there are no such tell-tale trees in these parts, for if they should bear that pesky shot to the red skins we are in search of, it would be an evil report for us, I consate, though we raised it ourselves!"

"Tread softly, my boy," continued the Scout, "and don't disturb the bushes more than you can help. We must be careful of our trail, for there's no telling how many varmin there may be prowling around us."

Every step was now taken with the greatest caution. Particular care was observed to prevent the least noise—even the snapping of a twig—and our two friends pressed forward so softly and stealthily that they scarcely disturbed the dry leaves in their path. From the signs around them the hunter knew that the Indians could not be far off. At one spot which they reached about two hours after their affair with the panther, the marks were so fresh, the Scout assured his companion that they could not have left it but a short time before. The savages had evidently set about preparing a hasty meal, and it was possible the report of the gun here reached them, for there were obvious marks of a hurried departure.

As the new-comers cast searching glances around them, the Scout prying into the neighboring bushes as if fearful of an ambuscade, the quick eye of the young man caught sight of an object which sent the blood with a warmer flow through his veins. The place in which they found themselves was a small area, nearly surrounded by lofty trees, whose overhanging branches cast a deep shade over it. On one side a mossy tree lay stretched along the ground, its extremities concealed by the underbrush into which it had fallen. In a slight crevice occupied as the maiden's seat, as if placed there to attract attention, the young man detected a band bracelet, which he at once recognized as a gift of his own to Mabel. It was a token to him that she anticipated a pursuit, and his heart was thrilled with a secret pleasure, for it assured him that she had confidence in him and relied on his exertions to rescue her from captivity. It showed also that she was not disheartened, but still retained her spirits unbroken.

As he eagerly directed the attention of his companion to the discovery, the Scout's eye brightened and a complacent smile lighted up his features as he remarked in a barely audible whisper, "Ay, the

eye and seldom burn powder for nothing. If either of us fall, I pray I may be the one, lad, for in course of nature, I can't last long, and the old tree can be better spared than the young. However, as long as I can raise my rusty old friend here—ha!" said he, with a sudden start—"what is that?"

A slight rustling of the dry leaves was heard a little distance off, as if some one were making their way cautiously through the thick underbrush which sprung up in every direction.

"To cover, James!" whispered the Scout, "to cover and lie close!" and he crept softly behind the huge pine against which he had been leaning. The young man followed his example, darting behind a dense thicket, where he could observe the Scout's movement as well as reconnoitre the spot he had left.

He had barely secured himself, when a tall savage was seen to advance with snake-like motion into a little opening just beyond the small enclosure we have mentioned. He paused for a moment after emerging from the bushes, and then glancing furtively around, he bent down and applied his ear to the ground. The silent sound— even the mere movement of a foot, so keen is the sense of hearing in the Indian, might have betrayed them. Scarcely drawing a full breath the concealed party watched with no little anxiety the motions of the wary savage.

From where young Mayberry stood he had the Indian completely in his range and at his mercy, and he turned his head inquiringly toward the Scout and made a motion to that effect. The old man shook his head negatively, and he turned again to observe the further movements of the red man. In the mean time the savage, as if satisfied with his security, raised himself from his bent posture and crept silently away in the direction whence they had come.

For ten minutes or more the white men remained perfectly motionless in their coverts, at the expiration of which the Scout left his post, and after throwing careful glances around him and bending his ear to the ground, beckoned the young man to follow him.

"I could have brought him down without fail," said the latter in a cautious whisper as he joined his companion.

"Yes, and brought the whole pack upon us at the same time," added the old man in the same undertone. "There's no telling how many of the serpents there are about here—the woods may be alive with them. But I don't understand the meaning of this fellow's lurking so slyly in this direction," he continued with a doubtful shake of his head.

"Perhaps," suggested the younger, "he was sent back to ascertain about the firing."

"I believe you're right, James—that must be it. And the cunning dog will return on our trail, and try to sarcenous us that way. But he's run by the game for a dead sartinty this time, and let us profit by it."

After again cautioning his companion to be silent and wary—an admonition the latter felt to be entirely useless—the two started briskly forward on the trail they had been so long following, and which promised to lead them so long to the objects of their pursuit. The day was fast drawing to a close as they struck again into the woods, scarcely affording light sufficient to discern the faint tracks by which their steps were guided.

CHAPTER VII.

By the margin of a little stream, which flowed from a gradual descent and wound its noiseless way around the roots of old trees—now trickling unseen through the green herbage, whose fibres it nourished in return for the protection afforded—and now lapsing gently under fallen and decaying trunks which extended across but did not obstruct its course—and at last stealing its way through a broad open space, a green little forest nook, fit spot for fairy gambols in the pale moonlight, which now shed its mild radiance over the scene—by the margin of this quiet water course—part way up the slight ascent—was seated, or rather reclined a young maiden on a mossy knoll, just out of the shade of a wide spreading elm. Her dress was somewhat rent and wayward, and her countenance, as revealed by the full harvest moon, betokened much exhaustion and not a little anxiety, although there was something in the expression of her features which spoke of a spirit unbroken. Her face was singularly handsome, and her form, notwithstanding the disarrangement of her dress, betrayed much natural grace.

At the moment we have introduced her to the reader her glance was directed to the many little openings in the surrounding forest, watching the curious effects of the light and shade—the deep shadows of the trees and the tall bushes falling sharp and distinct on the dark turf—forming a grotesquely chequered scene, as well as a picture of unrivaled beauty. Agitated and burdened as was the heart of the maiden it was not insensible to the softening influence of the scene. As her gaze lingered on the different points of attraction, for the time she forgot the terrible scene she had but recently passed through and the horrors of her present situation. Her captivity and the probable fate that awaited her wholly passed from her mind.

In this dreamy state of forgetfulness her eye was following down the meanderings of the rivulet, which in the bright moonbeams appeared like a stream of molten silver, until its course was lost in a dark clump of bushes which bounded the small opening, when she gave an involuntary start, while an exclamation of delighted surprise arose to her lips. Ere it found utterance she had the presence of mind to restrain it. The next moment the dark form of a savage rose stealthily in the shade behind her. The deep guttural monotone made use of, by the red man when surprised—"Hush!"—was uttered in a subdued voice, giving evidence that the movement of the maiden, slight as it was, had not escaped his observation.

For three or four minutes the gaze of the savage was riveted on the spot to which her glance had been so lately directed, while his hand clutched the fatal tomahawk, ready for instant action. The maiden held her breath, while her heart beat almost audibly—half in hope half in fear.— Sometimes elapsed, yet nothing unusual met their gaze; but presently a slight rustling was heard among the bushes, and soon after a young doe was seen to emerge hastily from the thicket, gaz-

ing around in a startled manner. For a moment it stood with its head half turned to its late cover, then slowly stalking towards the little stream, it lapped awhile the bright waters and shortly after plunged again into the bushes; and the same deep solitude as before reigned over the scene.

As if his suspicions were lulled to rest, the savage soon after sank quietly back on his leafy couch and ere long his heavy breathing assured the maiden that his senses were again locked in slumber.

Mabel,—for the reader will recognize the Scout's daughter in the young female we have been speaking of—listened with a glistening eye to the deep respirations of the sleeper. In order to test the soundness of his slumber, she moved her feet so as to produce a rustling noise among the crisp leaves around her, and then awaited in anxious expectation the result of the trial. But the sleep of the Indian was too heavy to be thus easily broken. Under ordinary circumstances, even the slight noise she had made would have aroused him at once; but the night previous, which was that succeeding the massacre—as well as that in which the fatal deed was perpetrated—had been sleepless ones—and this, with the fatigue of a long tramp, had induced a deeper slumber than usual.

Having satisfied herself that her captor was not feigning, Mabel again turned her eyes toward the thicket with a beating and anxious heart. She had not gazed long, when a dark object was seen creeping slowly and warily in the deep shadows of the bushes, and presently a young man stepped cautiously into the patch of moonlight in front. Though the thicket was at some distance, the quick eye of the girl immediately recognized the intruder. A warm blush suffused her pale cheeks and her bosom throbbed with a new emotion as her glance fell on the form of one whose presence, it may well be supposed, was never more welcome than at this trying moment. Yet amid the thrill of joy which the presence of her lover inspired there mingled no small degree of fear. She supposed that he had come to her rescue alone; and though she had no doubt he might easily overcome the sleeping savage, what if the other—who had in reality been sent back, as young Mayberry supposed, to ascertain the cause of the shot—what if he should return? Every moment she expected to hear his footsteps, for the hour had past when he should have been there—and what could her lover do single-handed with two such powerful foes?

Forgetting her own situation in the danger that menaced one so dear to her, she almost regretted his appearance. Not long, however, did she entertain this feeling, for a moment after, to her great joy, she beheld her father standing by his side. The gaze of both were apparently fixed on her. She was soon satisfied that she was seen by them, for after a brief consultation, her father either made a sign to that effect or beckoned to her. What should prevent her starting away to their protection? In the first impulse of the moment she vainly made the attempt.—Vainly, we say, for her crafty captors had taken the precaution to guard against a flight, by confining her limbs, both arms and feet, and thus rendering her entirely helpless. Answering the sign made by her father by holding up her faltering arms, she then exerted her strength to remove the thongs from her ankles. But they resisted all her efforts; and when from sheer exhaustion she gave over, for the first time since her captivity the poor girl wept. Finding that her struggles were impotent she cast a tearful glance towards her friends and again raised her imprisoned hands, thus giving them to understand that she could do nothing for herself. Shaking their heads affirmatively, as if they comprehended her meaning, the two seemingly held another consultation, immediately after which they fell back into the shade and were lost to sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was very evident from the cautious movements of her friends that they were unaware of the number of her captors. Had they known the true state of the case, they would undoubtedly have taken bolder measures for her rescue—the advantages being altogether on their side. They were pretty well convinced that there were but two at the most to deal with, although they were not sure that others had not joined them. Even so far as they struck again into the woods, well knowing that if their attempt were discovered the first blow would fall on her head. Aware of this, their proceedings were marked by the greatest possible security.

Knowing that some plan had been matured for her release, Mabel waited the issue with trembling apprehension. Holding her breath that she might catch the first intimation of the approach of her deliverers, her patience was sorely tested.

Minute after minute passed away—each one seeming an age in her state of suspense—and still all was silent as death. Once only she thought she heard a scarce perceptible rustle among the leaves at a distance; and her eyes were immediately turned upon the sleeping savage, dreading lest the noise should break his slumbers. But he still slept on—breathing heavily, and occasionally muttering unintelligibly in his sleep. At one time she thought all was lost, for the Indian suddenly half-raised himself, uttering at the same time a slight exclamation of surprise. The action and the utterance were probably occasioned by the flitting of some wild thought through his brain, for he soon settled away again in the same unconsciousness as ever.

Mabel now listened with renewed intensity for signs indicating the approach of her friends, but not a sound could be heard. There was not so much as the falling of a leaf to break the grave-like stillness. Dreading either the awaking of the sleeper or the return of the absent, her anxiety increased every moment. The feeling of suspense—or uncertainty—grew so strong that it almost amounted to torture, and she found it difficult to sustain herself amid the conflicting emotions that agitated her breast. Again and again she bent her ear in the hope of catching an approaching sound—and for the hundredth time her searching glance was riveted on different points whence she expected the appearance of her deliverers; but all in vain. With a sickening

emotion and a sigh of disappointment wrung from the very depths of her heart, she bent her head for a moment, half yielding to the weight that

oppressed her, when a slight touch on her arm almost caused her to shriek out in alarm, so sudden and unexpected was the action.

"For your life be still!" whispered her father in her ear.

It required all the effort she could command to obey him—so full and strong was the tide of feeling that rushed through her heart. A moment hardly transpired when she felt the thoughts that bound her wrists giving way and at last dropped from them. Her first impulse was to throw her liberated arms around her parent's neck. The Scout received and returned the embrace in silence, then in a low whisper said—

"Here, my child, take the knife and loose your feet. Quick, Mabel, for time is precious! How many of the varmints are they, gall?" he added, as she bent over to sever the cords.

She could return the answer, a slight crash and a hasty step among the underbrush a little in front of them struck her ear.

"Oh God, father, he's returned!" exclaimed the maiden half-aloud, forgetting in her alarm of every thing else.

The words had barely left her lips when a tall savage bounded with a shrill whoop from the bushes a few yards in advance of them, brandishing his tomahawk in the very act of launching it at the half-sleeping girl. As quick as thought the Scout sprang to his feet and confronted him, interposing his own body as a shield to his child. The action of the Scout frustrated the purpose of the Indian; and he poised his weapon to strike down his opponent. His arm was thrown back and the glittering instrument was just on the point of being sent on its fatal errand, when the flash of a gun lit up the deep shadows of the forest, followed by a sharp report—and rifle ball whistled directly over the shoulder of the Scout. A dead, crushing sound was heard—a smothered shriek—and the tall savage bounded high in the air and fell headlong among the underbrush.

"Bravely done, my boy!" shouted the old man exultingly, as his glance rested on the dead Indian; "shouldn't have been ashamed of that shot myself! But there's other work for us yet—how many of the red devils are there, Mabel?" said he turning quickly around.

The scene that met his gaze checked at once every feeling of exultation. It was his daughter darting down the declivity and across the opening and the lately sleeping Indian in full pursuit, with the long hunting knife of the Scout held threateningly toward her. The first impulse of the Scout was to fly to her rescue, but a moment's thought convinced him that before he could reach her it would be late to save her. A second glance also revealed to him the young man rushing to her assistance, though the distance between the parties was so great there was no hope of his being able to reach the infuriated savage in time to prevent the accomplishment of his fatal purpose.

Something, however, must be done, and that too shortly, for the Indian was fast closing upon the terrified maiden, who continued her flight directly across the area.

Springing to the little hillock on which he and his daughter had rested at the time they met, the Scout caught up his rifle and aimed it at the savage. He hesitated, however, for the foe was directly in range of his daughter, and he was afraid the same ball might carry death to her as well as her pursuer. By this time the Indian was within a few feet of his victim. Already his arm was extended to seize her, when the Scout hastily lowered his rifle and shouted with a voice to which despair lent strength—

"Double on him, gall! Turn this way, for your life!"

As quick as a flash the panting maid turned short on her pursuer in the direction of her father. The movement was so sudden that she gained considerably on the baffled savage.

Once more the Scout raised his rifle with a deliberate aim, and taking advantage of the very moment when the savage was on a slight raise, which brought his person boldly out to view, while the maiden, being in a small hollow, was out of his range, the trigger was drawn. If ever the Scout prayed it was at that fearful moment. His child's existence hung on the steadiness of his nerve—yet he faltered not. One step only had the Indian taken when the bright flame leaped from the muzzle—a ringing report followed—and when the smoke cleared away, the long hunter's knife was seen glittering in moonbeams, flying through the air, while the hand that so lately held it was beating the earth in the paroxysms of death. In a moment after the still flying maiden was clasped to the panting breast of young Mayberry, in whose arms she rested unscathed, though faint and exhausted and scarcely aware of her safety.

CHAPTER IX.

"Is she hurt?" anxiously exclaimed the Scout, as he rushed to the spot where his daughter stood supported by the young man; "Mabel, Mabel—speak to me, child!"

"No, dear father," was her faint reply, throwing herself into his arms, "I am safe, thank God!

"But where is he—the Indian!" and she glanced fearfully around her.

"Where he can shed no more innocent blood—" replied the old man with a stern solemnity. "There lies the varmint—there, where, if a merciful Providence spares my life, many more of the accursed race will lie before I'm done with them! But come, James, we must be getting ready for a start. Pick up the knife younder and see that your piece is well loaded—the whooping demons may be upon us before we know it. Sit you down, my darlin', and rest yourself, for we have a long and rough road before us, and you will need all your strength!"

While the young man obeyed the Scout's orders, the old man, after charging his rifle, stepped to the side of the dead Indian and rolled the corpse into a deep hollow, carefully covering it with the dead leaves to conceal it from sight should the savages be drawn to the spot by the firing; for well knew if they discovered the bodies of the slain, they would pursue them with an untiring vigilance and wreak on them a bloody vengeance.

But a short time elapsed ere the party were on the move. Slowly and silently they threaded the gloomy forest—the Scout leading the way—stopping at short intervals to listen ifught could be heard of the dreaded foe. But no sound broke the deep silence, save the faint rustle occasioned by their passage through the underbrush. Once

only was it disturbed. Far behind them, swelling faintly on the night air, was heard what at first sounded like an Indian yell.

"Oh God!" whispered the maiden in a tremulous tone—a cold shudder running through her frame, "I hear them! They will soon overtake us—they are howling over the slain!"

The Scout stopped short, motioning for silence, while he stood in the attitude of one intently listening. A minute or two elapsed when the same sound was born more loudly to their ears.

"There, father, do you hear them?" said the maiden in a voice of increased alarm.

"Ay," replied the Scout in a low tone, evidently of relief, "I hear them sure enough. They are howling over the dead—but cheer up Mabel, they are not Indians. The wolves, gall,

are feasting on the varmints. This is a dismal sound in a lone forest, and I've known the time when it has made me tremble as you do at this moment. But we have nothing to fear from them now—the critters are too busy over the dead to meddle with the living."

Throughout the night the party kept on their way. Their progress was very slow, for the maiden was worn down with fatigue, although she bore herself bravely—refusing to acknowledge her weariness, but urging them on when they proposed a halt for the purpose of rest, so anxious was she to reach the settlements. Nor was the anxiety of her protectors much less than her own, for they knew not but their steps were tracked, and each moment they expected to be assailed by the treacherous and blood-thirsty foes.

Morning dawned ere they ventured at last to come to a halt; when exhausted nature gave way the maiden fell into a deep slumber. The sun had got far up in the heavens ere she was aroused, when refreshed by her repose, she started with renewed vigor on her toilsome journey.

It will be needless to follow them on their wild and wearisome way. After a most fatiguing march—rendered doubly so by the precautions they deemed it necessary to take—now diverging widely from the direct course in order to mislead pursuers—now forcing their way over broken ledges and through rocky and difficult places where they would be least likely to leave a trail—practising a thousand arts which the sagacity of the Scout prompted to baffle their pursuers in case they were followed—they finally at the close of the second day, to their great satisfaction reached the Scout's hut on the Causeway.

We will not attempt to portray the joy of the maiden when she stood once more safely within her father's humble dwelling. The dreadful scenes in which she had been a partaker seemed more like a dream than the reality, although often at the thought of the night of the bloody massacre, a cold shudder evinced how indelibly was that shocking scene fixed upon her memory.

We presume some of our readers would hardly be satisfied unless we adverted more particularly to one incident connected with two of the personages of our humble history. We allude, of course, to Mabel and her chivalrous lover, whose bravery was in due time rewarded by the possession of her, who, when in peril, aroused in him the bold resolve of rescuing her or of perishing in the attempt. The hearty blessing invoked on the young couple by the Scout after the ceremony, and the honest sincerity with which he addressed the bridegroom, fully evinced his satisfaction on the occasion.

"James, my boy," said he grasping his hand, "I told you you should have her, and I am more proud to receive you as a son than if you were the King's own—with all his grandeur and gold—for I know you are worthy of the gall; and may I make you as good a wife as I am certain you will be to her a kind husband!"

As for the Scout, it is only necessary to add, that the red man found in him a preserver throughout the long years of that cruel war—the butchery of his sister was never forgotten; and whenever a savage fell beneath his sure aim, his exclamation—"One more drop attired for!"—evinced determination to fulfil to the letter, if possible, the threat called for by a sight of his kindred's blood—"A life for a drop!"

But as we may have occasion to refer to him hereafter, we will for the present take leave of him, assuring the reader that the Scout is no offspring of imagination, but the counterpart of one who lived and acted at the time and amid the scenes we have attempted to describe.

DUELING.—Governor Romain of Louisiana, says in his late Message:

"The law against dueling has become a dead letter. The slight regard paid to it by juries, even when the testimony is undeniable, shows that its execution is impossible so long as the country adheres to its present manners and prejudices. Laws which cannot be executed should be repealed or modified. If the punishment of death were replaced by imprisonment, if the survivor and seconds were rendered jointly and severally liable for the debts of him who falls, if the guilty were besides liable for large damages to be recovered before a civil tribunal by the heir of the deceased, the end the Legislature had in view would probably be better accomplished."

THE REASON.—The best account of the why and wherefore of Whig defeat is the following from the Natches Free Trader. We hope our Whig contemporaries will read and honestly admit its truths:—

"They govern the country! They couldn't govern themselves. What did they do in their short lived hour? They repelled the Sub-Treasury. Did they provide a substitute?—They distributed money among the States, to be recalled at an expense of 12 per cent. It is an easy job to pull things to pieces. It requires skill to build—concert and unity to reconstruct and perfect. They had no architect among them. There was force and inclination enough to destroy, and they did it, like the children who cut the leather of the bellows to see where the air came from. They have been whipped for it, like those children."

COMING ON.—The case of James G. Bennett, editor of the N. Y. Herald, indicted for libel, is set down for Thursday next.

THE TREASURY DOCUMENTS.

We have received two Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, one on the finances generally, the other devoted to the subject of a new fiscal agent.

The expenditures of the Whig administration, the present year, are \$32,025,070,70, being a large increase on those of 1840, when the extra-governmental Democracy were in power! The expenditures for 1842 are estimated at \$32,791,010.

The receipts for 1842 (exclusive of the land revenue and without any increase of the tariff) are estimated at \$18,572,440 72, leaving a deficit of \$14,218,670 68.

COUNTING ROOM ALMANAC, FOR
1842.

SUNDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY, 1	2 3 4 5 6 7 8				
9 10 11 12 13 14 15	16 17 18 19 20 21 22	23 24 25 26 27 28 29			
30 31					
FEBRUARY, 1 2 3 4 5	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	27 28	
MARCH, 1 2 3 4 5	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	27 28 29 30 31	
APRIL, 1 2 3 4 5	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	27 28 29 30 31	
JUNE, 1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30	
JULY, 1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30	
AUGUST, 1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30	
SEPTEMBER, 1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30	
OCTOBER, 1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30	
NOVEMBER, 1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30	
DECEMBER, 1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30	
JAN. 1843, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31	

HEBREW PLASTER!

THE peculiarities of this Chemical Compound, are owing to its extraordinary effects upon the animal fibres or nerves, ligating the seat of disease or pain, and producing heat by their internal application, will prove a powerful auxiliary, in removing the disease and facilitating the cure, in cases of Local Inflammation, Schistosomiasis, King's Evil, Gout, Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, and in all cases where seated pain or weakness exist.

A gentleman travelling in the South of Europe and Palestine, in 1838, was struck with a severe attack of rheumatism, in praiseworthy minuscule cures it had performed, that he was induced to try it on his own person, for a Lung and Liver affection, which had resisted the general influence of that laudable and delicate climate. He soon found his health improving, and in a few weeks his cough left him, the sallowness of his skin disappeared, and his pain subsided, and his health became dorminately restored. Since that time, he has recommended it to his friends and acquaintances, for all fixed pains whatever, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Head-ache, nervous tachyphylaxis, pain in the Side, Hip, Back and Limbs, Schistosomiasis, humors, Knots, Wens, White swelling, Hard tumors, Stiff joints, Ague cakles, Ague in the Breast, Weakness and pain in the muscles, &c. Nervousness, Losses, Affection of the spine, & the back or side, should be without cure.

Martred Ladies, in delicate situations, find great relief from constantly wearing this plaster. The application of this plaster between the shoulders, has been found a certain remedy for Colds, Coughs, Phthisis, and lung affections, in their primary stages—it destroys inflammation by producing a copious perspiration.—No Physician should be without it.

General Agent for the United States, E. CHASE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

General Agent for the State of Maine, SAMUEL ADAMS, Hallowell.

For sale by THOMAS CROCKER, Paris HUBBARD & CLARK, South Paris; A. F. Cole & Co., Buckfield; W. H. Breton, Livermore; Geo. Gage, Wilton; Stephen M. Marble, Poland; Nathaniel Perley, Gray Corner; John Higgins, P. M. Porter; Sewall Fly, Hirsh; H. C. Buswell, Fryeburg; Nehemiah Winslow, Windham (Upper Corner). copy 29

20,000 lbs. WOOL.

WANTED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,

20,000 lbs.

CLEAN FLEECE WOOL,

For which Cash and the highest Market price will be paid, if delivered soon at our Store in Morton's Building, Congress Street.

BUTTERFIELD & SMALL.

JUST received a complete assortment of W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, which they offer at wholesale and retail in exchange for LUMBER or approved credit.

Portland, June 21, 1840.

A. B. BLAKE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SHREWSBURY, N. H.

WILL attend the Courts in the Counties of Oxford, (Me) and Coos, New Hampshire.

G. J. ORDWAY,
NORWAY-VILLAGE,

OFFERS to the public a large and select assortment of Goods on terms and at prices which cannot fail of satisfying the Purchaser.

AMONGST HIS STOCK IS THE FOLLOWING:

Sup. Lin. Wool Elk.

" Inv. Green.

" Indigo Blue.

" Olive Green.

" Adelaid.

" Russell Brown.

" Mixed.

" Wool Elk.

" Indigo Blue.

" Drab.

" Dyed milled.

" Diamond and

" Mixed.

Broad Cloths.

Cassimeres.

Black Rib'd Duckin, Stockingin, Buckskin, Satinet, Falled Cloth; Rich gold' and plain Velvet, Silk and satin VESTINGS. Cashmere, Fancy, Valencia and com. do. Heavy silk and blue silk Velvet. Plain silk and blue silk Satin, for Vest or Coat Buttons, Laces, Lasting, Elater and Cine Gauze. Buttons.

Brocade, Satin, Lasting and Horn Coat Buttons, Lasting, Laces, Gauze, and com. Selects; Cambric, Padding, Silk, Twill, and other trimmings for TAILORS' USE.

Watered Dusseaux, Orleans Cloth, Fig'd Alpacca's, Merino's, Alpines & Camletteens, For Ladies' Cloaks.

Plain and rich fig'd Alpines for Dresses, silk like silk and fancy colors; black silk, blue silk, red silk, yellow silk, white silk, &c. Maroon; plain and rich fall' wool Musso Lin De Lain, Chine style, C. & W. Saxon, China style of real French Prints, English and French Prints suited to the season.

Full and half Mourning do some of beautiful style.

Fancy, Silk, Lam., Merino, Edinboro, Chally, M. D. Lane and Highland Shawls, some of the latter of the importation of 1838, a much finer article than the importations of the last two years.

Yellow and white Eng. Flannel; Heavy, velv. twilled do. for Shirts; light flannel, Dusseaux, do. fine and com. Cotton and Wool and Cotton do.

Heavy unbleach'd Sheeting, very fine do. Extra fine and com. bleached do. White and brown Linen; Linen Lwns, very fine and com.; Hemstitch'd Lns. G. Hdts. In, do. fine Linen do. Twilled and plain Silk do; Fancy Silk, Lam., Chally, Raw Silk and M. D. Lane dress Hss.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are composed of Plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil; and are therefore better adapted to our constitution than medicaments concocted from foreign plants, and usually than those recommended; and the INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth.

Subject to but one DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humor, and that said medicine cures this disease.

NATURAL PRINCIPLES,

by cleansing and purifying the body; it will be manifest that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to direction, is absolutely certain to drive away every disease of the body.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this.

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humor (the cause of disease) in an easy and NATURAL MAN-

NER, and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

The above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, have been three years before the American public; and we can now, without fear of contradiction, that of all the various medici-

nes which have heretofore been popular, not one has given

such universal satisfaction or obtained such a permanent hold

upon the minds of people. Not only do all who use it universally experience relief, and recommend it in the strongest terms, but it has effected one of the most astonishing cures ever performed by medicine.

Hitherto, very few of the numerous testimonial which have been received in favor of this extraordinary medicine have been published, as the medicine obtained by present great celebrity.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are attaining great celebrity.

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